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## "TOO LATE."

Perhaps no words in the English language contain a deeper significance, or convey to the mind a more terrible import, than those at the head of this article.

"It is too late." Oh, what words are these. They are big with meaning, and have already fallen like molten lead-drops upon many a heart.

Notice reader individual, running in hot haste to reach the railroad depot. "It is too late," the bell has rung—the cars have gone.

See that poor man prostrated on a bed of sickness. He dreams of no danger, and so neglects the taking of medicine until the disease is fatally seated. Then his physician, when summoned, pronounces his case a hopeless one. "It is too late."

Now let us turn our attention to that only son who is hastening homeward as fast as his tired feet can carry him. Long has he been straying in the ways of sin and folly, yet at length he longs to hear from the lips of his dying father the word "forgiveness." But before he reaches the door of his early home, the broken-hearted mother shrieks out, "It is too late. That father of thine is dead," and the distracted boy, overcome by his emotions, sinks fainting to the ground.

When the recent wonderful revolution first broke out in France, sending as it were an electric thrill well nigh around the globe, and the haughty monarch, long ruler over thirty millions of people, was obliged to resign his crown and his throne, a grandson of Louis Philippe was presented by the friends of royalty to take the reins of government. But hark!

From the hearts and lips of an indignant populace, whose rights had already been trampled in the dust, until endurance ceased to be a virtue, upswelled the startling exclamation, "It is too late;" and the poor, harmless, sceptreless king and family, are obliged to flee for their lives to a foreign country.

But oh, what tongue can describe, what pen portray, what imagination conceive, the bitter lamentations which must arise from the guilty multitude when once the voice of the righteous judge of all shall be heard proclaiming in thunder tones, to those on his left hand, "It is now too late." Long have the gates of gospel grace and heavenly glory stood widely and welcomingly open, while the prize of eternal life has been within your reach. But because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hands all the day long, and no man regarded; therefore destruction everlasting cometh upon you. These, mine enemies, who would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither and slay them before me.

Oh God, how will it be with us when once those gates, with appalling sound, shall have closed forever! Beloved readers, let us strive, ye, agonize to enter in at the straight gate, before the master of the house shall have arisen up and shut to the door, and his patience and forbearance being exhausted, he rouse his wrath and swear, "Ye shall not see my rest."

Had it not been for the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, we should have been dead and damned long ago. But we still live, and still there is hope. Yes, blessed be the name of the Lord, not yet have we reached the dividing line which separates time from eternity. Then it is not now "too late;" behold, "there yet is room" for us in the atonement of Jesus, in the bosom of the church, in the affectionate sympathies of saints and angels, in the heart of God, and in the New Jerusalem above. Let us be wise in securing a title to the heavenly inheritance before it be forever too late.

"There is a time, we know not when,  
A point, we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men,  
For glory or despair.

"There is a time, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path,  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath."

Andover, Ms., June 25. W. C. W.

## THE LAST NIGHT.

One evening in July, of the year —, as the sun was sinking among the green hills of Western Massachusetts, there came to my dwelling a boy, bearing a request for my attendance at his grandfather's dying bed. The old gentleman had been more than seventy winters of toil and anxiety. Long continued cares had effectually undermined his constitution, and rendered his latter days exceedingly uncomfortable and onerous. One feature of his character, however, relieved the tedium of life's voyage, and cheered him even as his sun was going down—he was a righteous man. Amid severe suffering, acute pain, while the "golden bowl" was being broken, and the "silver cord" being loosed, he bled every murmuring thought begone, and calmly resigned all his interests into the hands of his Redeemer. Though but a recent comer to the place, I had frequently observed the mind of the old man was serene.

Age brings its cares, stupor and loneliness; the grasshopper may become a burden and desire fall, while each cup presents to our lips its bitter dregs; but there is one ingredient mingled in the chalice, that sweetens even its bitter draught; it vivifies and cheers even our septuagenarian days. Mr. F. felt all his latter days to be sunny, and asked only for patience to wait his allotted time. He had approached already to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the general assembly and church of the first-born whose names were written in heaven. It was the end of life, the winding up of earth's concerns. He felt the mysterious influence acting on him that was realized by the old Pilgrim in the Road Book of Bunyan.

His conversation turned on subjects pertaining to the future state. Friends had gone before—fathers and mothers in Israel—beloved children, and above all, the companion of his youth and manhood had departed in the "faith once delivered to the saints." An object, however, incomparably dearer than all these was the Savior of mankind, whom, with the largest assurance, he could claim to be his Savior. I entered the apartment where the good man lay upon his couch of death. Friends waited around, with tears and anxiety, dreading the last moment—the final severance of the ties that had bound them together. Drawing near, I inquired for the state of his mind and his hope of final rest. "There can be no doubt in this matter," said he; "my evidence is clear, I am not deceived in this matter." His affliction was so great as to preclude much conversation. I sat down near him, while many friends and neighbors were seated in different parts of the house. Night had now thrown around us its

sable curtain; the lamps were lighted and placed in the several rooms, to accommodate the friends and watchers. Those gleams of light that were flung out upon the thick darkness that seemed to obtrude itself in at the open windows and doors presented a strange and gloomy contrast. Nature seemed to feel that it was the hour of darkness, and to sympathize with the struggles of man. Silence prevailed, except as it was interrupted by the low, sepulchral groans of our dying father. His breathing grew shorter and shorter still at every repetition. Life was ebbing out. The extremities soon became cold, the car refused to convey the tender tones of friendship and love, the eye grew dim, and all nature was apparently becoming a blank. "How strangely I feel," said he. "Emily, let me feel your hand." "Are you dying, father?" inquired the daughter. But the voice of earth could be heard by him no more; she could only grasp his chilly hand and behold her father struggling with the mighty conqueror of human kind. He seemed then to fall back on himself, and to be communing with his own spirit, as though death were a different foe from what his imagination had ever painted him. I thought of the lines of Pope:

"What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

"The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring."

We all gathered near his couch, and lingered in silent supplication, while the spirit of the blessed seemed to mingle with the throng. Were not departed friends there? Were not they commissioned to bear their brother home? They seemed to say to us, "be not afraid." But the dying man hastened away—he lingered not. The hour of solemn midnight had arrived, and yet our holy vigils continued. At fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock he breathed for the last time. His eyes were closed, the friends were seated, and the minister stood up and read from the family Bible the last of the fifteenth chapter of I Corinthians, concerning the resurrection of the dead. He closed the book and made some brief remarks on the solemn providence that had just transpired, and the Christian hope of a future resurrection. The gloomy aspect of nature, the death-scene, and the solemn manner of the preacher, all conspired to render the occasion impressive and affecting. As we knelt together in prayer, and listened to the burning, melting words of the man of God, we each felt,

"Lo! God is here! let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place!  
Let all within us feel his power,  
And silent bow before his face."

Such was one of the most solemn nights I have passed. That was the house of mourning and of joy—the place where the heart is made better. It was not the end of the hero, the warrior, or the man of this world. No. It was the triumph of the Christian in the exultation of a living faith, crying, "Oh death, where is thy sting! Oh grave, where is thy victory!"

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life; quite in the verge of heaven."

B. SIBRELL.  
Smoky Hollow, June 12, 1848.

## HEAR, OH ISRAEL!

In looking over a large number of the *Puritan*, my attention was arrested by an article written upon the subject of the spiritual death that over-spreads the church at this peculiar time. The great secret was found to lay in the laxity and general scarcity of doctrinal preaching. That is to say, the preaching of certain doctrines which the reason may come at by consulting the article itself, or the following brief extract—the emphasizing being the author's own work.

"As to election and predestination, some seem to be afraid even of the word. And after all, what does the doctrine imply, but the wise choice of a merciful God? 'Chosen in Christ Jesus before the world began,' predestinated to be conformed to the image of his son.' What doctrine more consoling? How could the sinner do without it, &c."

Now I presume that the good man who penned those sentiments, and gave utterance to those earnest interrogatories, was very sincere. And I have not taken up the pen of controversy so much as of comment, in calling attention to his communication. The article is from the pen of an aged divine, and suggests, by the way, an important and significant fact, viz., that the greater mass of Congregational clergymen, (he could not of course refer to Arminians, so called,) have ceased from preaching the Calvinistic doctrines of "election, predestination, and special grace."

This is notoriously true; for nothing is more common than the remark, that "Mr. A. B. and C. preach just like the Methodists," i. e., a free and full salvation for all men. And it is notoriously true, too, that the "Assembly's Catechism" is about superannuated. There are indeed occasionally a few galvanic attempts to bring it into life again, but it is too late—it is so superannuated, that to all human appearance it must die.

Now looking at these, and kindred facts, a posteriori how does it appear?

Whence their almost universal silence on these doctrinal points?

1. Do they consider those doctrines non-essential? What! that "God hath chosen a certain number of the fallen race of Adam, in Christ, before the foundation of the world, with eternal glory, according to his immutable purpose, and of his free grace and love, without the least foresight of faith, good works, or any conditions performed by the creature; and that the rest of mankind he was pleased to pass by, and ordain to dishonor and wrath for their sins, to the praise of his vindictive justice." These sentiments non-essential? It cannot be.

2. Do they stand so much in fear of man—possessed of so much of the truckling, time-serving spirit of the age—of such a desire to keep up large, flourishing congregations and fat salaries, that they dare not lift up their voices like trumpets, and show the people the "terrors of the Lord?" For if those doctrines be not terrible, pray what are? Their first promulgator, Arius himself, I think, calls them "horrible!" Is this the cause of their silence? Why, I would be the last man to lay that great body of ministers under the charge of such tergiversation. But especially, if they considered those doctrines indispensable and "consolatory," as the writer in question seems to, they could not

keep them hid—it would be an outrage on benevolence.

3. Have they then come to the conclusion, in these latter days, that such doctrines are *antibiblical*? If this be not the fact, then the rebuff of the aged divine is most certainly merited. They are culpably guilty of a great sin of omission—and their position, though I tremble to define it, is so inconsistent, that I tremble for them in view of their final account. Ministers, certainly should preach *whole truths*—their responsibility is awful!

I am inclined to think, Mr. Editor, that the great body of "orthodox" ministers are becoming *really* orthodox. The inundation of theological light that has been accumulating and pouring in upon men along the whole line of the present century thus far, must have considerably dispelled the darkness that formerly prevailed. "Look unto me, all the ends of the earth, and be ye saved." "And the Spirit and the bride say, come; and let him that heareth say, come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "What doctrine more consoling than this?" "How," indeed, "could the sinner do without it?"

H. M. BRIDGE.  
Lumberton, June 27.

\* See Marsh's Eccl. History, p. 319.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BRO. STEVENS.—It has been with deep interest that I have perused the accounts that have come to us from the land of thrones and empires during the last few months. The interest has been increased while perusing Benson's Notes on the Revelations.

The similarity that appears in the present state of things in Europe to that described in the sixteenth chapter of Revelations is very striking. The confusion and darkness that has spread over the kingdom of the beast, (the Pope) and the scenes there transpiring, show that the papal power is rapidly diminishing.

Another important indication of good to the world is the tottering of thrones and empires in Europe. It has been the opinion for years of the wise men of the land, that the influence of Mohammedanism in the East has been sustained more by the jealousy of European powers than by any inherent strength of its own. This being the case, we may look upon the present state of those powers as ominous of good. It has been by historians supposed that the fall of Mohammedanism in the East would effectually prepare the way for the introduction of Christianity into the kingdoms of Persia, India and China.

Truly the way of the kings of the East is being prepared for the gathering together of the kingdoms "to the battle of the great day of God Almighty." Let us pray earnestly that God would send forth his Spirit, and gather in the nations of the earth.

L. WENTWORTH.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

If you are a Christian, the throne of grace is yours. Your Father is seated on it. Your Savior has sprinkled it with his own blood. The Holy Spirit draws you secretly to kneel before it; and the promise when there is, "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it." What an honor to approach the King of kings! Were we to have an audience with an earthly monarch, we should deem it an era in our history, and boast of it through life. But you, and I, and others, may have an audience with the King of the Universe. Nay, we have liberty to approach him at any time and under any circumstances. Have we wants? He can supply them. Are we in trouble? He can extricate us. Do afflictions press our souls? He can mitigate and remove them. Does sin pollute our joys? With him is the power of cleansing. Does Satan vex our souls? He invites us to his arms as our refuge. All relief and every blessing is from God.—Newton.

## THE CASE ALTERED.

A few years ago, a wag, meeting a peasant, who was on his way to Bordeaux, on business, said to him, "What are you doing here? They are about to divide all the lands of the rich, and you had better go to the mayor and put down your name for your share." The peasant set off at full gallop, and, on arriving at the mayor's, said, "Monsieur le maire, as there is to be a division of the land, I wish to have the meadow of M—, which joins my garden. Put down my name at the head of the list." The mayor turned over some papers, and then said: "You are not first. I have an applicant who demands the meadow, and also your garden with it." "My garden! my garden!" said the peasant, in a fury. "I will go and get my musket;" and he set to watching his garden day and night. There is a host of persons like this peasant; they wish to share the property of others, but keep their own.—Gazette de France.

## THE JESUITS IN AMERICA.

As the Jesuits have been banished from Rome, from France, and other countries in Europe, they will no longer seek a theatre for their achievements in the United States. Politicians may be captivated by their blandishments, or may enlist them as agents to effect their purpose. But there are many who will watch their movements, and expose their deceptive arts. The Lutheran Observer gives the following translation of a paragraph in Hengstenberg's "Germans in America," on this subject:

"For some time past the American church is fairly upon its guard against the efforts of the Romanists. Several of the principal denominations have formed a league and an association whose principal object is to operate against their movements. The Jesuits, who are especially active in America, have here committed the folly, which their whole history shows as their characteristic, and which has often proved their ruin. Having long operated quietly and secretly, and with a proportionate success, emboldened and haughty, they have at length come forth with a flourish of trumpets, and aroused all their opponents to buckle on their armor against them. To this is added another circumstance—although the divisions of Protestantism in America favor their movements, the republican spirit opposes them; and this will operate among the people against the hierarchy, still more than it has yet done. Its influence is felt, as the complaints which we have heard from some of them prove, even among the Catholic clergy, many of whom feel their situation as mere tools in the hands of their superiors, unpleasant, oppressive, especially when contrasted with the free condition of other American clergymen."

## THE PRINCIPLES OF THE JESUITS.

Jesuitism, founded by Ignatius Loyola, consolidated by his immediate successor in the generalship, Jacob Lainez, and gradually wrought up by subsequent generals to its present mischievous refinement and protection, is both, as to its inward policy and its outward working, an organization the most elaborate and complete the world ever knew. The following are among the general principles of Jesuitism:

**Absolutism.**—The will of the General of the Order is supreme, the whole legislative, directive, and judiciary functions are with him. He claims to stand toward the Institute in the place of God, in the place of Christ. A purer despotism never was than is vested in his person. Obedience, uninquiring, unarmouring, implicit obedience to him, is the heart, the soul, the main-spring of the system, every approach to independent thought being denounced by the constitutions as sinful even as blasphemy, and endangering expulsion without the power of appeal.

**Isolatism.**—A Jesuit's world is his order. He is walled up in it by an isolism as entire as if there were no world without. An exhausted heart for all save his Institute is the perfection of his Jesuit being. His springs of natural affection, he has, by a mortification as hateful as seen, is the following anecdote, related to us by one of the Massachusetts members of Congress, during the funeral ceremonies of John Quincy Adams, at the capitol, upon the authority of a New England Captain, (Capt. Brewster, of Preston, Conn.), whose services were solicited to bring Napoleon to the United States. When just upon the eve of his departure, this man was accosted in the streets of Havre, by one who informed him that he had an important piece of intelligence to communicate. A private interview was had, under a solemn pledge of secrecy, and after a solemn assurance that no dishonorable proposition was to be made.

"When do you sail for America?" was the first question put.

"To-morrow morning," was the reply.

"Will you, for a sum of money that shall make you independent for life, and beyond the value of your ship and cargo and all possible profits, consent to take Napoleon Bonaparte to America? The money shall be paid to you in any manner, deposited any where in Paris, and papers executed to that effect. I am here," continued the officer, "as an agent of my sovereign, and directed to make any proposition and to allow any sum of money, but I must receive your answer upon the instant."

The Captain responded that the ship was not his own,—that the coast was lined with English ships, that escape he feared would be impossible. He could not answer upon the instant, but would do so at the appointed time and place in two hours. Visiting his ship, which was already loaded and ready for departure, he concluded that he might conceal the Emperor in a manner which would prevent detection. At the time appointed he made known his purpose, arranged as to the compensation he should receive, had papers of a satisfactory character executed to that effect, and made his arrangements accordingly. His visitor was to be on board at 12 o'clock at night, and everything was arranged to receive him. At 12 o'clock, at the very hour and moment, when every preparation was made to receive the ruined soldier, a messenger arrived with a note from the officer, that Napoleon finding his enemies so many and escape so difficult, had concluded to repose a noble confidence in his great enemy, and surrender himself to the British.

As is known, he presented himself with his suite on board of the Bellerophon; he wrote to the Prince Regent of England, surrendering himself a prisoner, and asking only a resting place upon the soil of his enemy, for the remainder of his life. The sequel is known,—banishment to St. Helena, and death there on the 5th of May, 1815.

The American vessel, which was to have taken Napoleon to America, was boarded three times, by as many vessels, and twice by one. Suspicion appeared to have been excited against her sometime before her departure, and even before the Captain had received any communication from Napoleon's agent. His vessel was thoroughly searched upon all these occasions, and once a gun was fired for him to leave to a second time. He obeyed, of course, but our informant assures us that in all these searches, the place where he had designed to place Napoleon was never once searched or suspected, and that he should therefore have safely brought him to the United States.

## NAPOLEON'S DESIGN OF COMING TO AMERICA.

We believe it has never been known how near Napoleon was to coming to America after the terrible battle of Waterloo. Leaving the wreck of his once powerful army to South, and flying as upon the wings of the wind, he was the first to announce at Paris the fatal defeat which had befallen him. From Paris he went to Malmaison, where he had in vain labored to reconcile and treat with the enemy. Finding reconciliation in vain, and the overthrow of his power certain, the design presented itself to him of escaping to America, and accordingly he went with a few of his chosen followers to Rochefort, with a view of escaping on board some vessel which might be in port. But Rochefort was blockaded by an English fleet, and the coast lined with English cruisers. All this is known, but what we have not before seen, is the following anecdote, related to us by one of the Massachusetts members of Congress, during the funeral ceremonies of John Quincy Adams, at the capitol, upon the authority of a New England Captain, (Capt. Brewster, of Preston, Conn.), whose services were solicited to bring Napoleon to the United States. When just upon the eve of his departure, this man was accosted in the streets of Havre, by one who informed him that he had an important piece of intelligence to communicate. A private interview was had, under a solemn pledge of secrecy, and after a solemn assurance that no dishonorable proposition was to be made.

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## REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE OF PERSECUTION.

At the time of the great persecution, in 1752, at Stalbridge, England, a report had been propagated for some weeks, that on the 29th of May, at ten o'clock in the morning, all the Methodists at Stalbridge were to be hanged. William C., an old inveterate persecutor, aged about seventy, a clock and watch maker, engaged to make three effigies, to personate Robert Sydeser, William Drew, and Ann Royal. Early in the morning of the above mentioned day, a large drum was beaten round the town, and multitudes from the neighboring villages flocking in, many hundreds were soon assembled. About ten o'clock the effigies were brought forth, and after having been carried round the town, accompanied by the beating of a muffled drum, they were brought into the market-place to be executed. While the executioner was fixing the ropes round the mock necks, the above mentioned William C. was leaning upon the top of his staff, apparently feasting his eyes on the transaction; and to the surprise and terror of the multitude, the instant in which the effigies were turned off, he fell to the ground, and was taken up speechless. He was carried to his house, and lived two or three days after, but he spoke no more. His own sons, who were also persecutors of the Methodists, and others who attended him, declared that before he died, his countenance was horrible beyond description, and that his face resembled the visage of the effigies.—Lon. Ch. Miss.

## LOUIS PHILIPPE AT CLAREMONT.

I saw, yesterday, a letter from a French lady admitted to an interview with the ex-Royal family, at Claremont. The writer says: "I was ushered into a drawing-room on the ground floor, wherein was seated the Queen, and the Duchess de Nemours. Her Majesty was occupied in writing, while the fair young Duchess was engaged upon some kind of needle-work, which, from its bulk and homely appearance, certainly did not present any of the peculiarities of a lady's fancy work. Up and down upon the gravel path before the long window of the apartment, strolled, or rather shuffled, an aged man, bending his shoulders to the sun, and leaning upon a huge, knotted stick. He was followed by a large spaniel, who seemed to subdue his pace to that of his master; and, altogether, the picture thus presented, was one of the most forlorn and melancholy description. I cannot tell you how greatly I was shocked when this aged man entered through a glass door, shiver-

ing and complaining of the cold, and I recognized the features of our King, Louis Philippe. His face is much bloated, and he is older by ten years than when I saw him in January last. He knew me, however, on the instant, and endeavored to join in the conversation, but soon sank into a fainting by the fire, and seemed presently to be absorbed in deep thought. Her excessive devotion has created a degree of fatalism in her mind like that of the Orientals. She beholds every thing which has happened as the will of God, and complains not. It is believed that she even regards it as an expiation, and accepts it in a chastened spirit accordingly. I will not tell you the general impression which prevails in the Royal household with regard to the King, but it is such as to make you regret that he had not met his death on the threshold of the Tuilleries, so that his body might not have thus outlived his soul." You will easily perceive the nature of the catastrophe at which the fair writer hints, and which is here generally believed to be already accomplished. If true, what an awful lesson will it prove to the pride and vain-glory of man, and to his boast in the excess of his cunning, and in the power of his intellect.—Norfolk (England) News.

## AN INDEPENDENT FELLOW.

The New York Tribune publishes a letter from a young man, whom the editor describes as a "thorough classical scholar and a true poet," in which he gives the following description of his mode of getting along:

"For the last five years I have supported myself solely by the labor of my pen. I have not received one cent from any other source; and this has cost me so little time—say a month in the Spring and another in the Autumn—doing the coarsest work of all kinds, that I have probably enjoyed more leisure for literary pursuits than any contemporary. For more than two years past I have lived alone in the woods, in a good plastered and shingled house entirely of my own building, earning only what I wanted, and sticking to my proper work. The fact is, man need not live by the sweat of his brow—unless he sweats easier than I do—he needs so little. For two years and two months, all my expenses have amounted to but 27 cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects. If a man must have money—and he needs but the smallest amount—the true and independent way to earn it is by day labor with his hands, at a dollar a day. I have tried many ways, and can speak from experience."

How many able-bodied young men are there hanging about our cities, who prefer to get no living at all rather than to get one by manual labor? With uncultured acres of good land, that can be procured by the acre for the price of a day's work, does it not seem unaccountable that there should be so many strong, intelligent, healthy young men sighing for something to do?

## FROM WASHINGTON'S ORDERLY BOOK.

August 3, 1776.—"That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the shipyards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have but little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult Him by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

## THE FUTURE LIFE.

Yes! if all the forests of this earth were pleasure groves, all valleys Campan, all islands holy, all fields Elycan, and all eyes sparkling—yes! then—even the Eternal One would have given to our souls the promise of a future life, even in the blessedness of the present one. But now, oh God! when so many houses are mourning ones—so many fields battle-fields—so many cheeks pale, and when we pass so many sunken, red, torn, closed eyes—oh! can death be but the last destroying whirlwind! And when at last, after thousand, thousand years, our earth is dried up by the sun's heat, and every living sound on its surface silenced, will an immortal spirit look down on the silent globe, and gaze on the empty hearse moving slowly on, say: "There the churchyard of humanity dies into the crater of the sun; on that burning heap many shadows, and dreamers, and was figures, have wept and bled, but now they are melted and consumed. Fly into the sun which will also dissolve these, thou silent desert, with thy swallowed tears—with thy dried-up blood?" No! the crushed worm dares raise himself to his Creator and say, "Thou canst not have made me only to suffer."—Jean Paul Richter.

## WOMAN.

A writer in a late Review, speaking of the Roman women, and their influence during the existence of the kingdom, says:

From the time of the Sabines to Theodora's conquest of Justinian, women seem to have been at the bottom of almost all the memorable events of Roman history. Lucretia, Virginia, Veturia, Fabia, the wife of Licinius, who became at her instigation the First Plebeian Consul, are illustrious examples of this: and whatever may be the changes of manner or opinions, as Hume has well remarked, all nations with one accord, point for the ideal of a virtuous matron, to the daughter of Scipio, and the mother of the Gracchi. Who, then, will doubt the influence of woman?

## GOOD INDESTRUCTIBLE.

The Rev. John Newton was one day called to visit a family that had suffered the loss of all they possessed by fire. He found the pious mistress, and saluted her with, "I give you joy, madam."

Surprised, and ready to be offended, she exclaimed, "What! joy that all my property is consumed?"

"Oh no," he answered, "but joy that you have so much property that fire cannot touch."

This happy allusion checked her grief; and, wiping her tears, she smiled like the sun shining after an April shower.

"For where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."



## Herald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1848.

## REDUCTION OF THE PRICE OF THE HERALD.

We intimated last week that the proposition to reduce the price of the Herald was receiving the attention of the Publishing Association. We are now happy to announce that they have resolved to adopt it, on condition that the additional subscribers requisite for its support be provided. The particulars, with the publisher's address on the subject, will be given next week. Another rally—a general and spirited one—must now be made by all the friends of the veteran Herald. We confidently believe it will be made, and made successfully. Never was there more interest expressed for its success than since the late General Conference. It is called for in the most distant parts of the country. Its position in respect to the great questions of the day, in both church and state, is daily receiving more and more the warm approval of Northern Methodists. We hope to spread it out through the length and breadth of the church. And our brethren, preachers, and all other friends, be prepared for the appeal of the publishers next week, and then "roll up your sleeves" and go to work for us. Bring the matter up in your "Board Meetings," at the conclusion of prayer meetings, in your pastoral visitations, &c. Pity every where, and be determined at least to do your present subscription list in every appointment. Remember it is your paper—the publishers have not a cent for their trouble and responsibility, and the proceeds go to the church. Pray and labor, then, for its success.

## METHODIST PREACHERS—PAPAL SCHOOLS.

The Prescott (Canada) Telegraph says that a resolution was passed at the late Canada Wesleyan Conference, against "Protestant ministers sending their daughters to Catholic nunneries for the purpose of being educated;" and that Dr. Richey was the only one present "who raised his hand against the resolution." We hope the last statement is inaccurate. Dr. Richey cannot be ignorant of the actual results of such patronage of Popery by Protestants, as seen in innumerable defections of Protestant youths thus educated, from the faith of their parents, nor can any man of his ecclesiastical knowledge have a doubt that the regimen of such schools is studiously adapted to purposes of proselytism. This is their unquestionable design, and a Romanist who would not aim at such a result in the use of such means would be a hypocrite; if he is honest to the avowed principles and obligations of his faith, he must do so. We have noticed several allusions in the Canada papers to Rev. Dr. Ryerson, a Wesleyan, and superintendent of Education in Upper Canada, for sending his daughters to papal nunneries for their education. These allusions seemed to us incredible, but the above mentioned vote of the Conference lends them probability. For the credit not only of Methodism, but of our common Protestantism, we hope the good Doctor will do so no more, and do what he can to counteract an example so pernicious. For a Protestant clergyman to attempt to vindicate such an indiscretion at this day, on grounds of Christian liberty, or on the assumption that there is no Jesuitical disingenuousness in such schools, is to befool himself before all the world.

## COURSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

The question is often asked what will be the course of the M. E. Church, South, in view of the proceedings of the late General Conference. We have seen no intimation in the Southern papers which could be quoted as an answer. The last Nashville Christian Advocate contains the following notice from Bishop Soule, which shows that we may expect soon definite measures from the South.

In consideration of the acts of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently held in the city of Pittsburgh, it is believed to be necessary that the Bishops, Commissioners, and Appointees of the M. E. Church, South, should meet as early as practicable, for consultation on the important matters involved in these acts. I have, therefore, with the advice of said Commissioners, and Appointee, notified the meeting, as aforesaid, to be held in the city of Louisville, on Wednesday, the 6th day of September next. A full and punctual attendance is much to be desired. J. J. S. Hill Grove, Tenn., June 16, 1848.

This looks very important, and equally prudent. We hope the distinguished brethren thus summoned together, will be guided in their consultations by the Divine spirit, to such measures as will tend to ally, not increase, the agitations between the two bodies. Bishop Soule we know to be personally unfavorable to a prosecution of the property claim in the secular courts; others in the South have expressed the same disposition in the public papers, and otherwise. The risk of a prosecution would be serious, and the moral effect of a defeat, disastrous. By the overture of the M. E. Church to submit the case to arbitration, the South is morally disposed to adopt any other course. The public mind will not justify a resort to the civil tribunals under such circumstances. We should not be surprised if the prosecution of the claim in any form were abandoned, with a decided protest against the conduct of the M. E. Church in the premises, and an appeal to the generosity and sympathy of the public for the means necessary to establish an independent Book Concern in the South. This policy has been recommended in one Southern paper at least; it would be successful.

## SUCCESSOR OF J. Q. ADAMS.

The iniquitous institution of slavery is receiving blows at present, which send trembling through its very foundations. A number of noble spirits of both parties have taken an indomitable stand in Congress against it. Horace Mann, the successor of the old man eloquent, has made his debut in the House on the subject. All parties represent his speech as a masterpiece effort. The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce says:

"Mr. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, the successor of Mr. Adams, made his debut to-day, and in a handsome manner, in the debate on the slavery question. He was very well attended to. He showed very distinctly that Congress had always assumed legislative power over the territories of the United States,—not only making laws for them, but investing in the Executive the power of appointing one branch of their legislative council. The whole history of the past is full of cases in which Congress has exercised legislative power in the territories, and, of course, they can legislate in regard to slavery as well as any other subject. The law admitting Louisiana was full of restrictions.

Mr. Mann went on an interesting view of the political, moral and social advantages of education, and showed that these advantages could not be secured in a country that tolerated slavery. The population of a slaveholding country must be too sparse, and the land too badly cultivated, and the forces of nature in water, wind, steam, and mechanical power too much neglected, to enable it to reach a high point of civilization in the scale of power, intelligence, wealth, comfort and elegance."

The speech appears to have elicited eulogiums from all quarters, by its intrinsic merits. The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, a paper which cannot be supposed to be very partial to ultra Northern views on this subject, says of Mr. Mann's speech:

cessor of the late John Quincy Adams, and upon whose shoulders the mantle of that great statesman's learning, intellect, probity and honor, seems to have appropriately fallen, obtained the floor. Instantly the House was all attention. Members huddled together, and took their seats near the new member, who had come to Congress with a very high reputation as an enlightened statesman and a good speaker. He commenced speaking, and it was found that fame had not done him injustice. He took the Northern side of the Wilnot Proviso Question, and in a clear tone of voice, and an agreeable manner, delivered a speech, rich in illustration, forcible in argument, easy in style, and in style, which, by those who listened to it, will not soon be forgotten. It was, by far the best, the most forcible, and convincing speech, that has yet been delivered on that side of the vexed question. Horace Mann has done himself and his State honor this day. His portraiture of education and its effects, and his picture of the evils which its absence entails upon a people, were drawn with a master-hand, and could not fail to produce a deep impression."

We hope Mr. Mann will remember his position, and hold it unwaveringly. The eyes of the country will now be upon him. We have no doubt he will acquit himself manfully. Let no one suppose we speak of him as a partisan; we care no more for him in that respect than for the man in the moon, but whoever of either or any party opposes American slavery, deserves the thanks and prayers of all men, and from our heart we bid him "God-speed."

## DR. DIXON—CANADA.

Dr. Dixon concluded the late Canada Conference with the following good and characteristic remarks:

"Keep close (continued he) to our original principles and objects. Be Methodists. Don't be bigots, but be Methodists. Think little about the [Union of the Canada and English Conferences], say little about it. Let it alone. Go on and work as we are some times in danger of tinkering at this and the other. Leave what is well enough alone. Everything is just what it enables us to do for the Lord. Remember there is no antagonism now between the two great bodies of Methodists in Canada. You are all one. And it's a fine thing to have withdrawn the elements of antagonism. Your Union is on a better foundation than the former one, every way. I hope all my dear brethren will keep the scriptural command, 'Love one another—Love one another.' I am about to leave for another land; and, of course, I shall see this fine Province and this great world of yours no more. I shall see these faces no more. In some sort this is an important thing; but it is important that we meet in heaven. Let us keep our own souls right. As ministers we are somewhat in danger, living, as we do, among our books and being occupied with numberless matters, but let us strive and keep our own souls right. Oh, that we could get more Christianity, the spring of usefulness as well as happiness."

God be with you, and bless you, and make you a thousand times more useful than you are.

## SPIRIT OF THE METHODIST PRESS.

The Church and Slavery—The Property Question and Canada—Dr. Lee and the Committee on the State of the Church—Northern Christian Advocate.

THE NASHVILLE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE quotes amply our letters from the General Conference. Our good brother editor cannot comprehend why we propose to enter Southern territory, while we are so hostile to slavery. We are not after pro-slavery men, but such only as are Methodists; opposed to slavery; the Church South we believe to be essentially recreant to the old Methodist sentiment on slavery. It revolted from the M. E. Church because the latter would not retreat from its established anti-slavery platform.

THE PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, while dissatisfied with the measures of the late General Conference on the Property Question, nevertheless vindicates them as good, though not the best. The editor says:

The Canada Conference separated, by consent of the parent body, in 1828. They had the promise of a portion of the Book Concern. But, on examination of the subject, the General Conference found itself unable to make a division or appropriation without the consent of the Annual Conference, in suspending the sixth restrictive article. This, we believe, was conceded on all hands, or at least maintained by a large majority. And if we have not been misinformed, the Southern men generally, if not unanimously, took this view of the subject. It is certain that Rev. Robert Paine, now Bishop Paine of the M. E. Church, South, was the Chairman of the Committee which brought in the report embodying these views, which report was adopted by the Conference. We have the report before us, and we hope we shall be corrected if we have been led into error; that some at that time went so far as to deny the constitutionality of division, even if the restrictive article were suspended, contending that the Annual and General Conferences collectively had not the power, thus to allocate, give away, appropriate, or divide the Book Concern, or its proceeds. And that among these, Bishop Soule, now of the Church South, was pre-eminent; whose able and eloquent speeches in the Annual Conferences, on constitutional law and fundamental principles, were the chief means of defeating the process for dividing the Book Concern with the Canada Conference.

How the Church South, or their agents, the Southern Commissioners, could expect the late General Conference, in the circumstances in which they found themselves, to make a division of the property, we are at a loss to know. By their own repeated acts they have conceded the necessity of the alteration of the sixth restrictive article. That article remains unaltered—the power of the General Conference is restricted—and nothing towards a direct division could be effected.

The RICHMOND CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE is sorely out of temper about the General Conference, and the M. E. Church in general. Our brother editor promised to behave himself a little more courteously, if he should find a favorable chance in the New York editorship, but he still applies the "cat-o-nine-tails" on all sides. He says:

The report of the committee on the State of the Church, in this issue, is a singularly faulty and erroneous specimen of argumentation. We have never seen its equal for perversion of plain facts and stubborn wrong-headedness of position and argument. It is full of cunning craftiness, lying in face of the truth, and mislead. We shall have occasion hereafter to stir up its hidden things with the rod of truth.

The editor presents, also, a column and a half of closely printed remarks on the character and proceedings of the late General Conference, all in about the same strain. Good Br. Lee, don't forget some of our humble private exhortations in Pittsburgh; let's argue, or, if you please, talk away without argument, but don't let's spit fire any more. And be sure now not to set off a quib at this sly little hint.

The NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE contains the salutary of its new editor, Br. Hosmer, written in the best spirit. He says:

The Northern Christian Advocate has heretofore been distinguished as sound and pacific. These invaluable qualities we hope to maintain, and shall endeavor to maintain at all hazards. A paper which is not above suspicion, is too low to command respect, and a controversial spirit is the worst of influences. There is no necessity for the wrangling which has so often disgraced religious journals. The general rule, both for editors and correspondents, is undoubtedly the following: "Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think and write on these things."

We welcome Br. Hosmer into the editorial brotherhood. The Northern Advocate is one of our best exchanges; we must give it, however, a gentle hint. Among the editorials of this No. we observe several of our own smaller articles without credit, an acci-

dent, perhaps; many small articles lose their credit in the course of circulation from paper to paper, and in that case are considered a sort of common property; but where their origin is known, it is the tacit law of the religious press to acknowledge it.

The leading editorials of the Christian Advocate and Journal relate to the proceedings of the New York Conference, the New York Colonization Society and the Methodist Quarterly.

## TRIP TO BALTIMORE.

New York—Baltimore—Hospitality—Churches, &c.

We spent some two or three days in the city of New York, putting up at a Temperance House, one emphatically so, as we temperately (i. e. sparingly,) of necessity, for when the bell called us to the table, the boarders seemed at first as if their life depended on getting to the table first; and they would actually huddle about the doors of the dining room ten minutes before meal time!

In due course of the boats and cars, we reached the city of "Brotherly Love," one of the most beautiful cities in the New World. Here we knew nobody, and nobody knew us. We spent time enough to visit all the places of interest in the city, and then left for Baltimore to spend the Sabbath, where we expected to be strangers in a strange place; but to our surprise, when we entered the depot, some of our company discovered Br. J. A. Collins, preacher at Leight Street Church, waiting the arrival of delegates to the General Conference, that he might furnish a living illustration of the far-famed hospitality of the Baltimoreans.

Here we were released from even the care of our baggage, and conducted, some twelve or fifteen of us, to the Methodist Book Store, which is a kind of general rendezvous for Methodist clergymen, and from thence to our several temporary homes, where we were received with open hands and warm hearts. It was our good fortune to be conducted to the family of Br. Asbury Jarrett, and if all the Methodist families in Baltimore are like that family, I may say that I envy the preachers of that city their happiness in living among them. How cheering to him who has left the associations of his home, when he meets with those who know how to sympathize with him, and who really make his interest their own. Such seemed the family of Br. J., of Baltimore.

Of Br. Collins, I would only say that his soul is too large for his body; he seems to possess a similar spirit to a good sister I once knew in Bangor, Me., who said she was resolved that no money should ever rest in her pockets, so long as there was a single individual in the world who needed it. It is the spirit of Christ—of true religion. We say to Br. C., if he should ever visit Maine, we will hail him with "cud mile faultless." Sabbath morning we worshipped at Leight Street Church, listening to a very excellent discourse from Dr. Dempster. P. M., we attended an exhibition of the Sabbath school, in the Vestry, and heard the large scholars, in several credible and interesting addresses welcome their new pastor (Br. Collins) as their spiritual guide and overseer for the ensuing Conference year. In the evening we worshipped in the only pewed (Methodist) house in the city, a fine house indeed, where they seemed to be tending over to choir singing, and I pray they may succeed in their enterprise, for we are exhorted to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also, which I hardly heard done in my tour through the West. I would not intimate them deficient in spirit, but sadly deficient in understanding the science of sacred music.

I actually heard them sing a six lined verse in the last two strains of a long metre hymn, repeating them over and over. I wish to say something of the Penitentiaries at Baltimore and Alleghany, but must defer my remarks for another communication.

A MAINE DELEGATE.

\* A hundred thousand welcomes.

## TROY CONFERENCE.

Visitors at Conference—Union College—Missionary Collections—Bishop Hamline.

Saturday, June 24.

The Conference this morning was mainly occupied with cases of trial.

Monday, June 26.—Read a report from a committee that had been appointed in reference to arrangements for the entertainment of preachers at the session of Conference. It was stated that there had been much inconvenience arising from the attendance of persons who had no business there—members of the families of ministers, candidates for admission, &c. A resolution was adopted disapproving the attendance of such. This was not designed to reflect in the least upon the attendance of members of the Conference.

At this stage of business, half-past 10, the Bishop informed the Conference that he could retire with the P. Elders about an hour, he thought he might be able to read the appointments before the close of the morning session. They accordingly retired, and the time was occupied with various items of business, not important in this report.

When the Bishop and cabinet returned, a document was introduced by J. Frazer, respecting Union College, at Schenectady, in this State. The impression appears quite general, that by the Charter that institution is specially designed for the equal benefit of all denominations of Christians who may choose to avail themselves of its privileges. But to this time, though there have been Methodist students in attendance for years, yet we have never been represented in the Faculty. The document was finally withdrawn and a committee appointed to inquire.

I should have noted our missionary meeting, held on Wednesday evening of this week. We were addressed by Bishop Hamline, S. D. Brown, of this Conference, and a German brother from Milwaukee. They did not insult the congregation by an effort to play upon their feelings, as the musician plays upon the cords of his instrument, and by a torrent of words skillfully draw out money involuntarily, but gave us sensible, spirit-stirring addresses. The collection exhibited a considerable increase above what has been usual on such occasions.

The aggregate of our missionary collection appears less this year than last. But this bare fact does not present the subject fairly. There was reported last year over a thousand dollars from one charge, money that had been devised by will to the Missionary Society. I have not just now access to the missionary report, but think that a fair comparison will show that the missionary spirit is not declining among us. Yet it ought to be greatly increased. The Bishop, in his sermon last Sabbath, referred to the fact that there is raised in the connection only an average of about seventeen cents per member. He well remarked, that if the spirit of holiness prevailed in the church as it should, this would be very different.

The usual business of the Conference through, the Bishop proceeded to address us preparatory to reading the appointments. This done, the appointments were read, and the most laborious and perplexing Conference we have ever had, closed.

A closing remark on one subject is due to the reporter. I promised you a sketch of the Bishop's sermon—I have three of them. But he has, for reasons best known to himself, interdicted this. I regret this, for I really think they would do good. I flatter my-

self that my sketches are truthful, and yet I think the report would not have excited the vanity of the Bishop. I feel quite inclined to say one thing, for which I trust he will pardon me should this meet his eye. I went to hear him, expecting, my rather intending, to hear a specimen of the most perfect pulpit eloquence. I was disappointed—in some respects greatly disappointed—yet his sermon, taken all in all—I apply the remark to each—was among the very best efforts I ever heard. An intelligent man once said to me of the sermon of a young preacher, "It was the best preached at the camp meeting; throughout it exhibited a single desire to do good;" here was the Bishop's excellence.

P. P. H.

## TRIP TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Route from Baltimore to Cumberland—Harper's Ferry—Crossing the mountains—Delightful scenery, &c.

May 34, 1848.

We left Baltimore at 7 A. M., for Cumberland, one hundred and eighty miles distant, where we arrived at about 4 P. M. The first part of our route lay through a rough, rocky tract of country, though some portions of it were heavily timbered. As we passed through the ravines, the scene around us was exceedingly romantic. The bluffs, towering hills, projecting rocks, dense forests, and water-falls, presented a view of nature in its rudest, wildest form. Our course lay near the river, and it did seem that a more serpentine one could hardly be imagined; and as we passed the curves—and they were numerous—we could but think that the engineer increased the speed, and from the sudden jerks and violent motion of the cars, fears were entertained that we were about to experience the sad catastrophe of finding ourselves "off the track." We were, however, mercifully preserved. But we must say that we never rode over so rough a road before; for really, it did seem like riding over a "hog-mound;" an exercise, no doubt, highly beneficial to dyspeptics, but to those whose digestive organs were in a healthy state, and whose predilections were altogether averse to such constant joltings, it was any thing but agreeable.

We arrived at Harper's Ferry about noon, and tarried for dinner. Here we met some of our company who came to this place the day before, and who had had a fine opportunity to view the scenery and objects of interest of this celebrated spot. They listened the evening previous to two "stamp speeches," which were quite amusing. Fine specimens, no doubt, of bombast and nonsense. The orators glorified themselves, and concluded that they were about the only men who ought to receive the suffrages of the people. How far they succeeded in making the people believe what they told them, we are unable to say. Such political performances, we understand, are quite common in this part of the country. This is certainly a most delightful place, though some think it falls short of Mr. Jefferson's description of it. He undoubtedly described it as it presented itself to him. He says: "The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of the scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruption and removal from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing, which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground, as placid and delightful as it is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye through the cleft a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you as it were from the riot and tumult ranging around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself." (Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.) One branch of the United States Army is located here, with several other manufacturing establishments. We might have lingered at this spot for hours and viewed the beauty and sublimity of its scenery with interest, but this privilege we could not enjoy. Hardly had we swallowed our dinner, when we heard "All aboard," ringing in our ears. Soon we found ourselves dashing on again with rapid speed to our place of destination. We passed through a delightful country, but cursed with slavery. Much of the land is good, but by slave labor it yields but little. We saw but few houses from the Ferry to Cumberland, except log-huts, and many of these appeared tenanted. The cattle and horses we saw were poor, and some of the company thought they saw the withering, blighting influence of slavery on every thing, cattle, horses and all.

Cumberland is a place of some business. It contains several pleasant residences, but has nothing of the neatness of a New England village. We were to start at an early hour in the morning in stages for crossing the mountains. This part of our journey we dreaded, but concluded to make the best of it. Our company was sufficiently large to fill three stages, and according to promise we had the privilege of riding by ourselves. We found the road tolerably good, though in some places rough. We had not proceeded far before we ascertained that we had a considerable set of drivers; some of them boys, and nearly all of them were given to profanity and intoxication. The travelling public ought to remonstrate against such men being employed as drivers on the great national road. And unless a different class of men are found there soon, the proprietors must not think it strange if the travel goes in another route over the mountains. The Alleghenies consist of Siding Hills, Ragged Mountains, Great Warrior Mountain, East Mill's Mountain, Alleghany, Laurel, and Chesnut Ridges. Jefferson calls these Ridges, "The spine of the United States." In passing over these mountains, the scenery is exceedingly varied. The heavy, dense forest, with here and there an opening effected by girdling the trees, and thereby causing them to die; the towering summits, which at times may be seen on either hand; the crags and masses of rocks that project from the mountain sides; the deep valleys, the bottom of which seem too far down for the eye to reach, awakens certainly thrilling emotions. In viewing these "stupendous creations of Omnipotence," the mind can but be deeply impressed with the majestic and the sublime. To spend a day where nature is thus seen in her most magnificent form, can but afford pleasure well indescribable. Our stage company was very cheerful and pleasant. Important discussions were carried on with zeal and ability. Indeed, at times, it seemed that we were determined to settle all the great questions which have since been so happily disposed of by the General Conference. We reached Uniontown late in the evening, tired, and covered with mud. We concluded to stop for the night, having rode about sixty miles during the day, though some of our company went on to Brownsville, the terminus of the stage route. We felt truly thankful that

we had crossed the mountains in safety, and soon sought "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." This day's travel will never be forgotten by us—much that is pleasant and unpleasant will crowd its recollections.

ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

## NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

This body adjourned on the 29th inst. It is now divided into the New York Conference and the New York Conference, East. The former will hold its next session in Poughkeepsie, and the latter in Middletown, Ct., each on the 30th of May, 1849. We give the following extracts from the appointments, from the New York Commercial.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE. NEW YORK DISTRICT—B. Griffin, P. E.—New York—Dunne Street, L. M. Vincent; North River, Bethel Mission, O. G. Hedstrom; German Home Mission, Wm. Spartz; Vestry Street, G. F. Kettell; Greene Street, Daniel Smith; J. Tackaberry, sup.; Mulberry Street, E. B. Griswold; Sullivan Street, D. W. Clark; Bedford Street, O. V. Amerman; Jane Street, Davis Stocking; Eighteenth Street, A. M. Osborn; Twenty-Fourth Street, E. O. Haven; Forty-First Street, Thomas Bainbridge; Yorkville, B. M. Genung; Fifth Street, Thomas Carter.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE, EAST. EAST NEW YORK DISTRICT—N. Bings, P. E.—New York—John Street, Valentine Buck; Madison Street, J. Crawford, 2d; Forsyth Street, J. W. B. Wood; Mariner's M. E. Bethel, J. A. Sellick; Willet Street, G. Smith; Allen Street, B. Crengh; Ashbury, Norfolk Church; Julius Field; Second Street, Parnell Chamberlain; German mission, C. H. Deering; Ninth Street, M. D. C. Crawford; Seventh Street, Nathaniel Mead; Fifty-Seventh Street, J. B. Stratten; King Street, W. B. Hoyt; Roosevelt Street, Mariner's Church, H. Chase.

LONG ISLAND DISTRICT—Laban Clark, P. Elder, Brooklyn—Sands Street, W. H. Norris; York Street, W. H. C. Hoyt; Washington Street, D. Curry; Centennial, Joseph Law; Pacific Street, W. K. Stopford; Eighteenth Street, Eben S. Hebard, East Brooklyn, David Osborn; Home Mission, A. S. Francis.

NEW HAVEN DISTRICT—Herman Bangs, P. Elder, New Haven, First Church, James Floy; St. John Street, Friend W. Smith.

HARTFORD DISTRICT—Seymour R. Langdon, P. Elder, Wesleyan University, Stephen Olin, President; John W. Lindsey, Tutor; Middletown, Zephaniah N. Lewis; Hartford, Abijah Crawford.

Transfer.—Fitch Reed, to Oneida Conference; Adam Miller, to Ohio Conference; Samuel Weeks, to Indiana Conference.

## THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

We learn yet of no important disturbances of the church on "the border," as resulting from the course of the late General Conference. The conduct of that body was so decided and harmonious, so directly and courageously appropriate to the formidable difficulties before it, that the public generally pronounce it as prudent as energetic. There is evidently a profound feeling of relief pervading the M. E. Church, in view of the proceedings of the late session. We believe that much prayer ascended from the altars of the church in behalf of the Conference. Never had that body more appalling questions before it, and never did it proceed more coolly and effectively to meet its difficulties; assuredly the good spirit of God restrained and guided it in an unusual manner. There may have been defects in some of its measures, but they are hardly worthy of remark in contrast with the salutary and really great results of the session. The captious themselves, who claim by natural right of constitutional spleen the privilege of carping, may, we think, well afford to hold their peace in reference to this session.

EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE, Washington, Co., Va.—We have received the catalogue of students for the ensuing year. It reports 104 students. The Faculty consists of the following gentlemen:—

Rev. Charles Collins, A. M., President, and Professor of Moral and Mental Science.  
Rev. Ephraim E. Wiley, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature.  
Edmund Longley, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Teacher of Modern Languages.  
James A. Davis, A. B., Tutor.

## METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY for July has reached us. The engraving for the Quarter is a portrait of Bishop Hamline. It is finely executed, but not a very accurate likeness.

Art. I. is a review of Upham's Life of Mad. Guyon, by Rev. D. Curry; a discriminating, somewhat severe, but just critique. The reviewer does not question the piety of that celebrated lady, but considers her partially insane, and thinks her biographer shares too much in her defects.

Art. II. is really on Ministerial Education, though professedly a general review of Clark's "Mental Discipline." We thank the writer, Rev. Mr. Vail, for this effort in a most urgent, but unpopular interest of our cause. Much of the article is devoted to the question of Theological Schools. If it had been written in defence of our New England movement, it could hardly have been more appropriate. He proves that such institutions are legitimate to Methodism, and were designed by Wesley himself.

Art. III. is a sketch of the elementary principles of Political Economy—a very comprehensive and intelligible one; it pretends to nothing original, but will be read advantageously by such as have not studied that important science. It is from Carleton, Penn.

Art. VI. is a Review of the Biographies of Wesley, by Rev. W. C. Hoyt. The criticisms of the Reviewer are discriminating and just. He exposes particularly the defects of Whitehead's caricature of our great and good founder. We shall copy this part of the article in order to show our readers the hollow pretensions of some American publishers who would foist this unscrupulous work on the American public as a just biography of Wesley.

Art. V. is a translation of the fifth lecture of Guizot on Civilization. It is an acute and elaborate discussion of the origin and history of the Pelagian controversy.

Art. VI. is an interesting Review of Wesley's Journals, with observations on his character. It is by Rev. O. R. Howard, and forms one of the most readable papers of the No. There are two quoted passages in it which are wrongly credited; one is ascribed to Robert Hall, the other to Hayward's "Book of Religions;" they both belong to an authority much less important than either.

VII. Critical Notices, comprising 29 brief reviews of books.

As a whole, this No. of the Quarterly is a substantially good one, though it does not rival some of its predecessors. It contains nothing from its late editor, except the Book Notices; not even a word of leave-taking. The new editor introduces himself in the following brief note:

The editorial duties of the undersigned will properly commence with the October number of the Review, as the articles of the present number were mostly in type before his election. A few changes will be necessary to carry out the directions of the last General Conference in regard to the conduct of this journal, of which a fuller statement will be given in the next number. In the mean time, it would tend greatly to encourage the undersigned in entering upon the responsibilities of his office, if the agents and friends of the Review would exert themselves to enlarge its list of subscribers before the beginning of the next volume. A hearty effort would soon double it.

June 12, 1848.

ANOTHER REDUCTION.—The Northern Christian Advocate (a General Conference paper) has reduced its terms to \$1.50 per ann., and the premium to preachers to one half the usual amount. These are precisely our own reduced terms. Success to the cheap papers!

DA. DIXON departed for England in the America, on the 30th ult. He had been much indisposed in New York, some days before his departure, and was unable to fill several appointments in that city. It is hoped that the voyage home will restore his usual health. In New York he was entertained at the hospitable house of Fletcher Harper, Esq., where he received every attention which could contribute to his comfort and restoration.

REV. E. T. TAYLOR.—We mentioned, some time since, the illness of brother Taylor. His numerous friends will be gratified to learn that he has improved much in his symptoms, though he is still interdicted his regular ministerial labors. Br. B. K. Peirce supplies his pulpit.

REV. MR. DAILY, of Indiana Conference, has been spending several weeks in our city, and preaching very acceptably in our churches.

BROMFIELD STREET CHURCH.—This old structure is undergoing a thorough renovation. The street has been greatly improved by the City Government, and is adorned by fine new granite buildings. Our Bromfield St. brethren at first thought of procuring a new site for their temple, but the improvement of the street, and its centrality, render it as eligible a location for the church as could be found in the city. The congregation meet at present in the Masonic Temple, on Tremont St. Rev. Thomas Sewall, of the Baltimore Conference, takes the place of Dr. Higgins, during the absence of the latter.

A FRIEND OF MISSIONS had better reserve his views till the session of the Conference concerned. That will be the appropriate place for the examination of the case; its introduction into the Herald may produce local disturbance, and only counteract the good designed.

Br. J. Spaulding's notice did not arrive till our papers were not only printed, but partly mailed. The same was true respecting Br. Turner's dedication notice. All such articles ought to be mailed in time to reach us the Saturday morning, or at latest the Saturday evening preceding the date of publication.

The Nashville Christian Advocate attacks the Methodist writer who is appealing in the Louisville Examiner to his brethren in Kentucky against slavery.

The brethren from our Liberia Mission, whose arrival we noticed some time since, have been holding public meetings in behalf of the Colony, in New York and Brooklyn.

We return our thanks to H. M. B. The sketch may be of use to us in our further Memorials of Methodism.

We shall publish next week the new course of study prepared by order of the last General Conference, and the Plan of Episcopal Visitation for the ensuing four years.

THE LADY'S REPOSITORY for July is embellished by two engravings; the first, a finely executed picture of the Indiana Knobs; the second, a very poor likeness of President Thompson, formerly editor of the Repository. The President seems to be hard at work drumming a tune with







## BY THE SEA-SIDE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The twilight is dim and cloudy,  
The winds blow wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white-caps of the sea.

But in the fishermen's cottages,  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness  
To see some shape arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale does the roving ocean,  
And the night wind, bleak and wild,  
As it beats at the crazy casement,  
Tell to the little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother,  
Drive the color from her cheek?

Opal, 1848.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Died, in Chelsea, Mass., June 9, 1848, ELIZABETH N. HYDE, aged 60, relict of Rev. Edward Hyde. She was born in Quincy; she became acquainted with the Methodists in Boston in 1805, when Rev. Peter Jayne was stationed there, and joined the church the next year. A short time previous, she was married to her first husband, Mr. Cambridge, who died not many months after their marriage. From her conversion she engaged all her energies in the service of the church, until the growing infirmities of a feeble constitution obliged her to retire. In following the fortunes of an itinerant Methodist preacher, she suffered many privations and afflictions, beyond the common lot. Her zeal for the promotion of religion in every station was earnest and unwearied, and she had the happiness to witness many glorious revivals under the preaching of her husband. She was eminently successful in her last days, in leading the mourner to Christ by pious conversation and prayer; and to the day of her death, she took every suitable occasion to converse with the unconverted, especially the young, on the subject of personal religion. She took delight also in contributing her portion to sustain the cause of missions. A deep seated chronic dyspepsia affected her spirits and crippled her body for several years, and finally terminated her life. From the time of the death of Elder Hyde, she cherished a special desire to depart to a better world, and therefore when death approached, it was welcome indeed. I asked her one day if she thought she should recover; she replied, "I don't desire it—I long to get home, to be at rest." To a friend, who was speaking to her of eternal life, she exclaimed, "Oh glory—I long to be in glory." Thus, my respected mother-in-law passed away, leaving another confirmation of the declaration of Mr. Newton, "Our people die well." She made two requests of her family, that they should not wear mourning at her funeral, believing the custom was oppressive to the poor, and that her remains should be laid by the side of her husband at Wilbraham.

C. K. TRUE.

Died, in this city, June 21, Mrs. SARAH A. NOYES, aged 30. She was converted through the instrumentality of Rev. Mr. Medbury, of Watertown, (Baptist) whose church she joined, though subsequently she united herself with the M. E. Church. By her modesty of deportment, amiability of temper, and generous disposition, she endeared herself to a large circle of friends. Her end was triumphant. The subscriber had the privilege of visiting her a week or two before her death, and seldom had he ever witnessed a more impressive scene. Raising up her emaciated hands, she threw them around her companion, exclaiming, "Oh Jesus! Jesus! what should I do in this hour without Jesus! without religion! At her request we united in singing "All is well," in which she joined, uttering in a clear, louder tone the concluding words, "All is well." Subsequently, after a long pause, during which she seemed wrapt in meditation, she exclaimed to a sister seated at the head of her bed, "Blessed are the dead," &c.; and then again, "Jesus has always been now," and he will not forsake me now." The last word that was heard from her lips was, "Jesus!"

HENRY V. DEGEN.

Mr. JOHN HUTCHINSON, son of the Rev. David Hutchinson, of the Maine Annual Conference, died in Waterville, June 8th, aged 32. At the camp-meeting last fall, held on the Acadustick, he was aroused to take up the cross and follow Christ. Soon after the camp-meeting he set up the family altar, which he continued to maintain until protracted by his last sickness. His religious enjoyment continued to increase during the winter and spring, and his soul was ripe for the heavenly world, until his spirit was dismissed from the house of clay. This is the second son that Father H. has buried in the short space of seven weeks. Thomas, the youngest son, was 20 years of age, and has left them in the hope of meeting them in heaven. Sister Hutchinson and another son who have been suffering from the same (typhus) fever, are in a convalescent state. GEO. D. STROUT, Winslow Circuit, East Maine Conference.

Died in Barnard, Vt., June 7th, Miss CHARLES COX, in the 54th year of her age. Sister Cox experienced the saving grace of God, at a camp meeting in Royalton, some thirty years since. From that period to the time of her exit to the church triumphant, she maintained a consistent Christian character. During her last sickness she was enabled to rejoice in a cloudless prospect of the crown that fadeth not away.

C. FALES.

## SLAVERY.

## THE BARBARISM OF SLAVERY.

BY HORACE RUSHNELL, D. D.

Slavery, it is not to be denied, is an essentially barbarous institution. It gives us too that sign, which is the perpetual distinction of barbarism, that it has no law of progress; the highest level it reaches, is the level at which it begins. Indeed, we need not scruple to allow that it has yielded us one considerable advantage, in virtue of the fact, that it produces its best condition first. For while the Northern people were generally delving in labor, for many generations, to produce a condition of comfort, slavery set the masters at once on a footing of ease, gave them leisure for elegant intercourse, for professional studies, and seasonably distinguished them from that kind of cultivation which distinguishes men of society. A class of characters were thus raised up, who were prepared to figure as leaders in scenes of public life, where so much depends on manners and social address. But

now the scale is changing. Free labor is rising, at length, into a state of wealth and comfort, to take the lead of American society. Meanwhile, the foster-sons of Slavery—the high families, the statesmen—gradually receding in character, as they must under this vicious institution, are receding also in power and influence, and have been ever since the revolution. Slavery is a condition against nature; the curse of nature therefore is upon it, and it bows to its doom, by a law as irresistible as gravity. It produces a condition of ease, which is not the reward of labor, and a state of degradation which is not the curse of idleness. Therefore, the ease it enjoys cannot but end in a curse, and the degradation it suffers cannot rise into a blessing. It nourishes imperious and violent passions. It makes the masters solitary sheiks on their estates, forbidding thus the possibility of public schools, and preventing also that condensed form of society, which is necessary to the vigorous maintenance of churches. Education and religion thus displaced, the dinner table only remains, and on this hangs, in great part, the keeping of the social state. But however highly we may estimate the humanizing power of hospitality, it cannot be regarded as any sufficient spring of character. It is neither a school, nor a gospel. And when it comes of self-indulgence, or only seeks relief for the tedium of an idle life, scarcely does it bring with it the blessings of a virtue. The accomplishments it yields are of a mock quality, rather than of a real, having about the same relation to a substantial and finished culture, that honor has to character. This kind of currency will pass no longer; for it is not expense without comfort, or splendor set in disorder, as diamonds in pewter; it is not airs in place of elegance, nor assurance substituted for ease; neither is it to be master of a fluent speech, or to garnish the same with stale quotations from the classics; much less is it to live in the Don Juan vein, accepting barbarism by poetic inspiration—the same by which a late noble poet, drawing out of Turks and pirates, became the chosen laureate of Slavery—not any or all of these can make up such a style of man, or of life, as we in this age demand. We have come up now to a point where we look for true intellectual refinement, and a ripe state of personal culture. But how clearly it is seen to be a violation of its own laws, for Slavery to produce a genuine scholar, or a man, who, in any department of excellence, unless it be in politics, is not a full century behind his time. And if we ask for what is dearer and better still, for a pure Christian morality, the youth of Slavery are trained in no such habits as are congenial to virtue. The point of honor is the only principle many of them know. Violence and dissipation bring down every succeeding generation to a state continually lower; so that now, after a hundred and fifty years are passed, the slaveholding territory may be described as a vast missionary ground, and one so uncomfortable to the faithful ministry of Christ, by reason of its jealous tempers, and the known repugnance it has to many of the first maxims of the Gospel, that scarcely a missionary can be found to enter it. Connected with this moral decay, the resources of nature also are exhausted, and her fertile territories changed to a desert, by the unceasing power of a spendthrift institution. And then, having made a waste where God had made a garden, Slavery gathers up the relics of bankruptcy; and the baser relics still of virtue and all manly enterprise, and goes forth to renew, on a virgin soil, its dismal and forlorn history. Thus, at length, has been produced, what may be called the bowie-knife style of civilization, and the new West of the South is overrun by it—a spirit of blood which defies all laws of God and man; honorable but not honest; prompt to resent an injury, slack to discharge a debt; educated to ease, and reader, of course, when the means of living fail, to find them at the gaming-table or the race-ground, than in any work of industry—probably squandering the means of living there, to relieve the tedium of ease itself.

Such is the influence of Slavery, as it enters into our American social state, and imparts its moral tone of barbarism, through emigration, to the new West. Hence, the Mexican war, which has its beginning and birth in what I have called the bowie-knife style of civilization—a war in the nineteenth century, which, if it was not purposely begun, many are visibly determined shall be, a war for the extension of Slavery. It was no more political party, as some pretend, who made this war, but it was the whole Southwest and West rather, of all parties, instigated by a vast disparity both of age and outward circumstances seemed to forbid a union, he near fifty, she not twenty-one; he the victim of poverty, persecution, and bodily suffering; she lovely, accomplished, surrounded by the elegancies of life and the smiles of the world, yet it actually took place. It is said, that Margaret first felt, or first betrayed, an affection which has insensibly grown out of the commonings of lofty minds of kindred mould and companionship in works of mercy, such as angels love to join in.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review, gives the following sketch of her character: "Timid, gentle, and reserved, and nursed amid the luxuries of her age, her heart was the abode of affections so intense, and of a fortitude so enduring, that her meek spirit, impatient of one selfish wish progressively acquired all the heroism of benevolence, and seemed at length incapable of one selfish fear. In prison, in sickness, in evil report, in every form of danger and fatigue, she was still with unabated cheerfulness, at the side of him to whom she had pledged her conjugal faith, prompting him to the discharge of every duty, calming the asperities of his temper, his associate in unnumbered acts of philanthropy, embellishing his humble home by the little arts with which a cultivated mind imparts its own gracefulness to the meanest dwelling-places, and during the sixteen years of their union, joining in one unbroken strain of filial affection to the divine mercy, and of grateful adoration to the divine goodness. Her tastes and habits had been moulded into a conformity to his. He celebrates the catholic charity to the opponents of their religious opinions, and her inflexible adherence to her own; her high esteem of the active and passive virtues of a Christian life as contrasted with a barren orthodoxy; her noble disinterestedness, her skill in casuistry, her love of music, and her medicinal virtues. Her union afforded to her the daily delight of supporting in his gigantic labors, and of soothing in his unremitted cares, a husband

who repaid her tenderness with unceasing love and gratitude. To him a friend whose presence was tranquility; who tempered by his milder wisdom, and graced by his superior elegance, and exalted by her more confiding piety, whatever was austere, or rude, or distrustful in his rugged character.

And the whole story stands out to observation, like a green spot in the weary wastes of professional life—a beautiful bay, sheltered from the storm and tempest. It reaches the nobleness of woman's character, and points out her true vocation.

## A HAPPY HOME.

A happy home greatly depends on the recreations and amusements which are provided for young people. It is no small difficulty to give a useful direction to their play hours. Little more has been contemplated in the gambols of youth than the health and activity of their bodies, and the refreshment of their spirits. It is well when these objects can be attained without the indulgence of sinful tempers; but youthful sports have often proved the nursery of pride, ambition, and contention. In public schools these evils have been encouraged, or, at least, deemed unavoidable. The seed of revenge in manhood, has been planted in boyish violence, and the unheeded acts of oppression by the elder boys towards their juniors, have trained them to tyranny in riper years. Private education affords greater facilities for checking these evils, but the want of the stimulus supplied by numbers, is apt to render the pastime uninteresting, and home distasteful.

Leigh Richmond was alive to these inconveniences, and endeavored by succession and variety of recreations to employ the leisure hours to advantage. He had recourse to what was beautiful in nature, or ingenious in art or science; and when abroad he collected materials to gratify curiosity. He fitted up his museum, and his library, with specimens of mineralogy, instrumented for experimental philosophy, and interesting curiosities from every part of the world; he had his magic lantern to exhibit phantasmagoria, and teach natural history; to display picturesque beauty, and scenes and objects far-famed in different countries; his various microscopes for examining the minutiae of plants and animals; his telescope for tracing planetary revolutions and appearances; his air pump and other machines for illustrating and explaining the principles of pneumatics and electricity; authors of every country who treated on the improvements connected with modern science; whatever, in short, could store the mind with ideas, or interest and improve the heart. When he travelled, he kept up a correspondence with his family, and narrated to them the persons, places, and adventures of his progress. On his return, he cultivated many a leisure hour by larger details of all that he had observed to amuse and improve.—Family Scrap Book.

## LADIES.

## SONG.

INSPIRED BY MY WIFE.

There is a voice that whispers oft  
Calmly unto my own,  
Whose breathings are but music soft,  
With sweetest, gentlest tone,  
It is a voice to my heart,  
A joy where'er I go,  
And does a soothing balm impart  
In hours of woe.

There is an eye of light bright,  
With mild but brilliant glow,  
That speaks as the stars of night,  
Or morning sunlit dew;  
And beams in softness of life's sea,  
To cheer and guide afar,  
My back, while tempest-tossed—and be  
My beacon star.

There is a lip whose quivering touch,  
And warm and dewy kiss,  
Doth thrill my heart with rapture, such  
As marks an angel's bliss;  
Oh, these are but love's hallowed rays,  
That sweetly calm to rest  
The keenest throes of life's dark days,  
Within the breast.

## THE WIFE OF RICHARD BAXTER.

In his earlier years, Baxter vowed opinions that seemed to forbid his ever wearing the garland yoke of matrimony. A singular train of providential events, however, led at length to clerical celibacy into a submission to the kindly influences of conjugal love, and the later years of his troubled life were cheered by the glow which woman's deep and hallowed attachment can so well throw upon the darkest scenery. Martha Charlton, a woman of high respectability, both as to birth, natural endowments, and the gifts of fortune, became the pupil of the venerable non-conformist. In severe affliction he administered spiritual advice and consolation; in returning health he gladly continued his friendly offices; admiration on her part gradually deepened into a softer feeling; and although a vast disparity both of age and outward circumstances seemed to forbid a union, he near fifty, she not twenty-one; he the victim of poverty, persecution, and bodily suffering; she lovely, accomplished, surrounded by the elegancies of life and the smiles of the world, yet it actually took place. It is said, that Margaret first felt, or first betrayed, an affection which has insensibly grown out of the commonings of lofty minds of kindred mould and companionship in works of mercy, such as angels love to join in.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review, gives the following sketch of her character: "Timid, gentle, and reserved, and nursed amid the luxuries of her age, her heart was the abode of affections so intense, and of a fortitude so enduring, that her meek spirit, impatient of one selfish wish progressively acquired all the heroism of benevolence, and seemed at length incapable of one selfish fear. In prison, in sickness, in evil report, in every form of danger and fatigue, she was still with unabated cheerfulness, at the side of him to whom she had pledged her conjugal faith, prompting him to the discharge of every duty, calming the asperities of his temper, his associate in unnumbered acts of philanthropy, embellishing his humble home by the little arts with which a cultivated mind imparts its own gracefulness to the meanest dwelling-places, and during the sixteen years of their union, joining in one unbroken strain of filial affection to the divine mercy, and of grateful adoration to the divine goodness. Her tastes and habits had been moulded into a conformity to his. He celebrates the catholic charity to the opponents of their religious opinions, and her inflexible adherence to her own; her high esteem of the active and passive virtues of a Christian life as contrasted with a barren orthodoxy; her noble disinterestedness, her skill in casuistry, her love of music, and her medicinal virtues. Her union afforded to her the daily delight of supporting in his gigantic labors, and of soothing in his unremitted cares, a husband

## HOW TO SPEAK TO CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the importance and power of which are seldom regarded.—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language, in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which has more than defeats its influence. A few notes, however, unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and

all other kinds of eloquence; at the bar, and in popular assemblies, where no speech is read, but where the thrilling effects of speaking are felt. There, there is animation and earnestness, and warmth; the lighting up the whole soul in the countenance, and meaning of the most touching kind in every gesture. It is the manner which nature dictates, and which all understand; the means by which we are to know whether he who addresses us is sincere; and believe and feels the sentiments which he utters. Hence this mode of preaching has been preferred in all ages and in all countries. No denomination of Christians that we know of has ever recommended the reading of sermons; no General Assembly, or Presbytery, or Association, or Convention that we know of, has ever enjoined it as the best means of conveying Divine truth. In almost every Treatise on Pulpit Eloquence that has been published, a course opposed to reading is preferred.

## MINISTERIAL.

## RULES.

To assist in a right Prosecution of the Work of the Ministry.

BY THE REV. ROBERT NEWSTEAD.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God: a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

I. In connection with the daily and regular reading of the Word of God, study deeply the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and the character and labors of St. Paul.

II. In connection with your studies and preparations for the pulpit, mingle unceasing prayer for the light and unction of the Holy Spirit.

III. Let the love of Christ, and the love of souls, be the grand spring of all your outward efforts for the salvation of mankind. Your great business, instrumentally, is to save souls.

IV. In order to solemnity and earnestness in the public ministry, "set God always before you." Consider not so much to whom you speak, as the eternal import of the message you deliver. Aim at extensive usefulness.

V. Preach for eternity; as a dying man to dying men; and, in order to it, live near the throne of grace; go from your knees to the pulpit; lift up your heart to God in ascending it; frequently repeat this act in preaching, preserving a stayed recollection of mind.

VI. Live above the mere fear or praise of men, and the fascinations of popularity, by a constant and intentional aim at the glory of God, renewed in every ministerial act.

VII. Imitate the Savior; labor to preach by example; maintaining, in all companies and places, by cheerful gravity, the sober dignity, the courteousness, the consistency, and the spirituality of the Christian minister. The power of the daily example of one who lives under the impression of the word which he preaches, is mighty. "His example is a universal language; the child, the man, the girl, the boy, and the believer, alike understand it, and must read it, and take impressions from it concerning the Lord, and eternity, and Christ, and holiness."

VIII. Guard against light, facetious, and worldly conversation; steadily resisting the temptation to punning and satire, witticisms and repartee; which, though arising in many cases from a natural liveliness and buoyancy of disposition, can only tend to produce or spread an unseemly levity of spirit which will "eat as doth a canker," ministering to the destruction of your usefulness especially among young people, and those of unformed minds. Gravity, with sound speech, and words that minister glory to the hearers, should be as much the adornment of the youthful as of the aged minister, and essential to the weight and influence of the ministerial character in all cases.

IX. Meddle sparingly with earthly politics; and beware of any habit, though considered innocent by men, which might lower you in the estimation of any to whom you preach. Let all men see that self denial is your every day garb, and that the messenger of the Sabbath is the minister through the week.

X. Rise early; have a regular plan for every day and hour. Be conscientiously punctual, in reading and ministerial duties and public services. Never trifle with other men's time; and especially, never keep a congregation waiting.

XI. Sincerely economize your own time. Employ all leisure in studious improvement. Have ever some theme upon the mind. Avoid hurry and confusion, by avoiding procrastination and irregularity. Pursue order, and carry recollection into everything.

## EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

We are happy to see the Presbyterian note in favor of extemporaneous preaching, by a series of powerful articles. We give the following quotation:—

"Those who at different times have been raised up by God to accomplish some great work, and have been peculiarly successful, have almost invariably preached without reading. We have already mentioned the manner of the Reformers and of the earlier and later Puritans. Was it not so with Whitfield and Wesley? Would such signal success have attended their preaching, if their discourses had been read? Many of them, we know, were written, and the number that have been published, particularly of the latter, is great, but they were all delivered 'without book.' Was it not so with Romaine, and Harvey, and Venn, and Scott, and Leigh Richmond? Do not some of the best and most evangelical clergy now in the Church of England preach in the same manner?"

"The last reason which we shall present, and which is the result of all the rest, is this: that the mode recommended by the Assembly is the most natural, and calculated in every respect to produce the most effect. We must never forget that preaching is intended for the mass of the people; that they are not great readers or thinkers; that the truth must be made inviting by the circumstances attending, or the manner of conducting it; that their attention must be excited and maintained by continued external appliances. Now every one must acknowledge that there is an essential difference between reading and speaking. The former is certainly an inanimate mode of communicating one's thoughts, and in a public assembly, an unnatural manner. There is a certain uniformity of tone, a perpetual recurrence of the same cadences, and often a want of correct emphasis, inseparable from the manner of the one who reads, which necessarily produces fatigue. But the free, flowing manner of the man who speaks, is just the reverse; looking directly at his audience, they feel that he is speaking to them; his countenance reflects the emotions of his soul; the tones of his voice accord with the feelings of his heart; rising and falling with the subject, as in animated conversation. Is not the latter mode then more favorable to the great end of preaching; better calculated to bring the truth home to the hearts of the hearers, and to make each feel that he is particularly addressed? Does it not create a sympathy between him and his hearers; a direct passage from heart to heart; a mutual understanding of each other, which is the soul of true eloquence? Must not this excitement often produce new views, illustrations, figures and arguments, which have the happiest effect upon both speaker and hearer? It is so in

length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon.

"Heavens and earth!" He was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth! What ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake keep quiet," said the wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now." And she spoke soothingly. "Don't say a word; but lie very still."

"But my head! What's the matter with my head? It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah. I don't understand this. And my arm? What's my arm up to in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet. Your life depends upon it!"

Mr. H—sunk back upon the pillow from which he had arisen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it, tenderly, all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead.

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We feared for your life," said Mrs. H— affectionately. "There have been two physicians in attendance."

H—closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that issued therefrom. They would have sounded very strangely in a church, for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said, interrogatively.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible upon the floor on happening to come into your room. It was most providential that I discovered you when I did, or you would certainly have died."

H—shut his eyes and muttered something, with an air of impatience. But his meaning was not understood.

Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah," he said, "why in Heaven's name, did you permit the doctors to butcher me in this way? I lay laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the —?"

"Hu-s-h! There! Do, for Heaven's sake! be quiet. Every thing depends upon it."

With a gesture of impatience, H— shut his eyes, teeth, and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, petulant voice,

"Too bad! Too bad! Too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and my last impressions of H—s disease, neither had Dr. S—, although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were these:

H—had a weakness. He couldn't taste wine nor strong drink without being tempted into excess. Both himself and his friends were mortified and grieved at this; and they, by admonition, and he, by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform. But, to see was to taste, to taste was to fall. At last, his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days, particularly so, as his coachman kept a well filled bottle for him in the carriage house, to which he was not infrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this bottle, brought on the supposed apoplexy.

Doctor S— was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the predisposition. The cure was effectual. H— kept quiet in the subject, and bore his shaved head, as he called it, with a good grace. After the sores made by the blister had disappeared, concealed the barber's work until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine nor brandy again for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out, as leak out such things always will, the friends of H— had many a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.—Sat. Evening Post.

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous?"

"I hardly think it apoplexy, I replied."

"Pray what do you think it is, Doctor?"

Mrs. H— looked anxiously into my face.

I delicately hinted that he might, possibly, have been drinking too much brandy, but to this she most positively and almost indignantly objected.

"No, Doctor. I ought to know about that," she said. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, Doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant circulation of the blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opening a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But he still lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, Doctor," she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved he must die."

By this time, several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters all over his body; another a blister on the head; another his morsion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, Doctor?" asked one of the friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, Doctor," said the wife. "He has not been from home to day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured this suggestion again.

"No, Doctor. No spirits of any kind, nor even wine in the house," returned Mrs. H— in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H—. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But the delay, Doctor," urged the friends.

"No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied.

My words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do any thing more for the patient until Dr. S— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going, to be back by the time Dr. S— arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Dr. S— came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There was still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife anxiously.

Doctor S— thought a moment and then said—

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber, and also for a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Dr. S— with surprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but, he believed, take away the predisposition thereto with which Mr. H— was affected in a high degree.

The barber came. The head of H— was shaved; and Doctor S— applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Doctor S—. "If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again, but I heard from Doctor S— the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan, or an unbusinessy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning plaster parched the tender skin of H—s shorn head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Drawings were then applied; repeated and repeated again; but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the Doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H— opened, and he looked with half stupid surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief's the matter?" he at length said.

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## IMPORTANT HINTS.

Keep your room well ventilated. Close rooms generate disease. Many a constitution is undermined from such confinement.

Throw off your feather beds and lie upon straw, or even the floor, if you have nothing better. The cheap cotton mattresses make a good bed and a healthy one. Feathers are bad to lie upon at any time,